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THE TWO COLOSSAL STATUES AT THEBES.

AMONG all the imposing remains of Egyptian sculpture, none probably more impress the mind of a spectator, than those twin statues represented in our print. Let the reader fancy what might be his feelings, if, after traversing a large extent of the region between Cairo and the Memnonium, on reaching the middle of the western plain of Thebes, he sees before him this solemn pair of twin statues of weather-beaten stone, sitting side by side, on the desert plain, each of the height of a tall house, that is, 55 feet, although covered in sand to the depth of five feet. The few remains of tombs and temples seen here and there on the bleak, and long desolate hills, may assist the mind in forming some idea of the gloomy awe with which it would be impressed; while the uncouth figures of camels and their savage Arab drivers intimate the nature of the only human society which the visiter may generally expect to meet with.

These colossal statues have been among

the objects of wonder and curiosity presented by the valley of Egypt for many centuries. The natives have given them names, Shamy, and Tamy; but of course have no knowledge of their history.

We copy the following paragraphs from the London Saturday Magazine.

"The following are some particulars of their dimensions: across the shoulders 18 feet 3 inches,—from the top of the shoulder to the elbow, 16 feet 6 inches, from the top of the head to the shoulder, 10 feet 6 inches,—from the elbow to the finger's end, 17 feet 9 inches,—from the knee to the plant of the foot, 19 feet 8 inches,—and the length of the little finger 4 feet 5 inches. They are both statues of Amunoph the Third, who ascended the throne 1430 years B. C. and were erected by him; this is the monarch who is generally identified with the Memnon of the Greek writers. The head in the British Museum, which is erroneously called the "Young Memnon," is in fact part of a statue of Rameses the Great. There is, however, in the Museum, a black statue, in a sitting posture, almost nine feet high, which is a miniature copy of these figures.

"Two thousand years ago, these statues, like the tombs of the kings, were objects of great interest to strangers visiting Thebes. The geographer, Strabo, who flourished in the reign of the Emperor Augustus, has left us the following description of them as they existed when he visited Egypt. "On the opposite (or western) side of the Nile," he says, "is the Memnonium, where there are two monolith colossi near one another; one of the statues is entire, but the upper part of the other has fallen from its chair, owing to an earthquake, as they say. It is believed that once every day a sound, as of a moderate blow, proceeds from that part of the statue which remains on the seat and the pedestal. I happened to be on the spot with Ælius Gallus, and many of his friends and soldiers about the first hour, when I heard the sound; but whether it came from the base or from the colossus, or was made by some one of those around the base, I cannot affirm. For the cause not being visible, one is inclined to believe anything rather than that the sound was emitted from the stone. Above the Memnonium are the tombs of the kings cut in the rock, forty in number, very wonderful in their construction, and well worth examining."

"The statue here mentioned by Strabo as emitting sounds, was very celebrated during the dominion of the Romans in Egypt. Its legs are covered with inscriptions recording the visits of many persons, and their testimony to the fact of the sound being emitted. A piece of stone has been discerned in its lap, which, on being struck, gives out a sound like that of brass; and it is commonly supposed that the priests made use of this to impose on their visitors. In 1830, Mr. Wilkinson placed an Arab at the foot of the statue, and himself mounting into its lap, proceeded to strike the stone in question; the Arab at once called out, "You are striking brass."

FOREIGN TRAVELS.

Greece in 1844; or, A Greek's Return to his Native Land—a narrative, edited by THEODORE DWIGHT, JR.

CHAPTER IV.

The Revolution of 1844, just past.—Its pacific, but decided character.—Its causes.—The Greek national dress.—Its antiquity.—Patriotic feelings connected with it.—The National Convention in session.—Their deliberations.—Members.

What is called the late revolution took place a few months before my visit to Athens. It was an event of an important character, inasmuch as it brought about a great improvement in the government, and raised the native influence above the foreign. The latter had before been predominant, to such a degree that men of other nations held a great part of the honorable, influential and lucrative offices, while the taxes necessary to support them excited discontent among the people. The long promised charter had never been

conferred, and seemed to be forgotten; and the friends of the country felt that they had nothing to secure them against further abuses and foreign encroachments. The national spirit was not fostered, but, on the contrary, thrown more and more into discredit—so that the very Greek costume was almost entirely laid aside, and had become an object of dislike, if not of ridicule.

In the month of September, 1843, O. S. (15th N. S.) the troops at Athens made their appearance before the palace, with crowds of citizens unarmed, without orders from the King, and, with shouts, demanded the promised charter. Otho made his appearance at a balcony, inquired the cause of the unexpected and extraordinary movement, and, in a conciliatory manner, informed the troops that he would take the subject into consideration, and give them an answer in a few days—declined—a few hours. This reply was received without disturbance, or any hostile expression. The troops remained under arms, but in a state of perfect order and tranquillity, until the decision of the king was made known. As it was exactly in correspondence with their demands and their wishes, it was received with shouts of approbation; and no disturbance afterwards took place.

What would have happened if the king's course had been different, no one can certainly say. The soldiery and the people appear to have been very resolute in their demand; and probably the king and his advisers were convinced that the course they adopted was at least the best and wisest they could choose, if not the only one. It may be that it suited as well the feelings of the king as appearances seemed to say. Indeed, it is not at all impossible that, although a foreigner, he had already seen enough of the evils threatened to the country by a greater influx of foreigners. The inconveniences arising to his government were already numerous and great; and he probably had sagacity enough to foresee, what I believe all the Greeks felt, that the existing state of things could not last much longer without throwing the country into dangerous confusion. To a prince without inordinate military ambition, and with no conceivable inducement to involve himself in the agitations and difficulties of public discontent and conflict, there was nothing in such a career to attach himself to them very strongly. Be his feelings, however, what they may, he certainly yielded to the demand of the army and the wishes of the people with a good grace; and, if not in his heart quite inclined to the change when he yielded assent, he must soon afterwards have found strong reasons to become reconciled to it. General satisfaction, joy and enthusiasm were spread on all sides among the people; and there was a sudden return to the national spirit strongly indicated in different ways, but most palpably in a sudden resuming of the ancient costume.

Before the war, the Greeks, in many places,

wore a dress much resembling that of the Turks; though in the Peloponnesus and some islands, a few had preserved their more ancient garments, which soon, and very naturally, rose to more general favor. These consist of a short jacket, tight trousers, leggings sitting close to the leg, and buttoned down the inner side, with a very full white muslin petticoat, gathered round the loins, and hanging all round down nearly to the ancles. On the head is a large, cylindrical, red cap. This peculiar costume, so different at once from the European and Asiatic, is, on the whole, very graceful; and when formed, as it often is, of elegant and costly materials, is rich and imposing. It is regarded as a legitimate remnant of antiquity; and, as a Greek is compelled, in a manner, to associate the strongest feelings with ages long past, every patriot must of course be excused for regarding this dress with superior and decided respect. But, during the decline of native influence in Otho's government, the ancient costume had fallen by degrees quite into disrelish, so that, at length, foreign taste had scouted it from court, and if an individual ever ventured to appear in it at a royal levée, he had to encounter the sneers, or at least silent expressions of contempt, from those who had usurped the places and honors due to natives of the soil, and to patriots who had defended it in times of danger.

As the system of abuses complained of had removed the ancient costume, the revolution suddenly restored it; and I was informed that one of the most striking scenes which presented itself, on the morning of the peaceful revolt, was the general resumption of the national dress. After it had long been almost entirely banished from Athens, on that day it suddenly reappeared, by a secret but general concert. About five hundred of the principal citizens came out in the full ancient costume, and thronged the streets, congratulating their countrymen on the events of that auspicious day.

I daily saw many persons thus arrayed, and regarded the dress with the greatest interest, after hearing these circumstances related. I could easily perceive a degree of resemblance, if not an identity, between some portions of it and that of our ancestors, as represented on some of the statues and relievos which I examined. Changes took place in costume from time to time, and different ones in different places. They are said, by a writer, to have generally gone with uncovered heads; and, in that particular, our present national dress cannot correspond with theirs; yet, some of the figures on the frieze of the Parthenon present us with a hat, though a different one from ours. Two or three youths, apparently of high rank, have light hats with brims of some light material like braided straw, fastened by a ribbon under the chin.

The national language, too, seems to be regarded with double interest. It may not be sufficient to be informed on a few general

points respecting the modern language of Greece. How far will they affect the tongue in a written book, a page, or in conversation? It is evident, it may be said, that certain features are retained—more than, perhaps, scholars generally are fully aware of; but, after all, is it not essentially a different thing from the ancient? To this we may undertake to present something like a reply, in several different ways.

It has been objected to the modern language, that Homer contains many words which are unintelligible to an uneducated modern Greek, which, in short, are not in the modern tongue; but there is another side to this matter: every word in the modern Greek is to be found in Homer. This reply was made by a learned man some years ago, since which important changes have been made in the language. These have grown out of circumstances in the national way, and have been brought about merely by a recurrence to the rules and principles of the tongue. New words have been in demand, because new ideas were received by the nation. The revolution began this change in the language, by beginning the change in the condition of the people. Ever since the people began to cry "Liberty or Death!" in the language of their ancestors, until they had gone through the processes of establishing independence, organizing a government, founding schools, publishing newspapers, introducing the arts and sciences of Europe, at every step in the long and complex process, they encountered some new object, act or thought, for which they had no name. In many instances, it is true, western civilization had anticipated them, and borrowed from the storehouse of their own dictionary elements and rules of combination, by which they fabricated terms. These were ready at their hand, and often adopted by them, with a feeling of obligation to their modern leaders and to their ancient grammarians. In many other instances, they had but to seek among the terms of past ages for the ancient names of things long strangers to their people. Grecian liberty had lived for ages only in Grecian books. With her had gone into exile a long list of words which slaves have no use for. Now they returned in her company; and I found them restored, and already familiar to the lips even of the common people, who would never have got them for books. I was much struck with this change. It was a novelty to me, but had long ceased to strike others in that manner. To them, too, this change in the language had come on slowly. To me it broke all at once, and it was one for which I was not prepared.

The Greek which I had known was that spoken in my native island before the revolution, and the first few years of its continuance. Since that period, I had but seldom found opportunity to use it, and then with a few of my countrymen, most of whom had been exiles from their country nearly or quite as long as

myself, and who were almost as much beyond the influence of those important changes.

My readers, I think, will readily perceive how such causes as I have alluded to might have affected the language. I heard an anecdote, which, I doubt not, gives a fair example, from which many other cases may be judged of. I was told that several years after the establishment of independence, a Turk visited Athens, for the purpose of transacting some business of importance to himself, which brought him to the courts, and into contact with lawyers and forms of civil processes. On his return to his home, which was Smyrna, he fell in company with some of the Greek residents of that city. In the course of conversation with them, in Turkish, he used several terms which they did not understand, and the meaning of which they demanded. He explained them; when they found, with surprise, that he was only defining words of their own language, which necessity had compelled him to become familiarized to at Athens, and which they before had no need and no opportunity to become acquainted with. It is uncommon enough to find a Turk teaching a Greek anything like learning; but a case in which a Turk had learned definitions of ancient Greek terms of science was so wholly unprecedented, that the anecdote was repeated, to the wonder of every hearer. At the same time, only a moment's reflection was necessary to enable every one to perceive the reason and the natural occasion of the phenomenon.

An Incident in our Revolutionary History.

From President Dwight's Travels.

In the battle of Hoosac, erroneously called the battle of Bennington, the British lost 226 killed outright, and 36 officers and more than 700 privates made prisoners. Among the latter was Col. Baum, who soon after died of his wounds.

Among the prisoners taken by the Americans at this battle, was an inhabitant of Hancock, in the county of Berkshire (Mass.), a plain farmer, named Richard Jackson. This man had conscientiously taken the British side in the revolutionary contest, and felt himself bound to seize the earliest opportunity of employing himself in the service of his sovereign. Hearing that Col. Baum was advancing with a body of troops towards Bennington, he rose early, saddled his horse, and rode to Hoosac, intending to attach himself to this corps. Here he was taken, in such circumstances as proved his intention beyond every reasonable doubt. He was, besides, too honest to deny it. Accordingly, he was transmitted to Great Barrington, then the shire town of Berkshire, and placed in the hands of Gen. Fellows, high sheriff of the county, who immediately confined him in the county jail. This building was at that time so insecure that, without a guard, no prisoner could be kept in it who wished to make his escape.

To escape, however, was in no degree consonant with Richard's idea of right; and he thought no more seriously of making an attempt of this nature, than he would have done had he been in his own house. After he had lain quietly in jail a few days, he told the sheriff that he was losing his time and earning nothing, and wished that he would permit him to go out and work in the daytime, promising to return regularly at evening to his quarters in the prison. The sheriff had become acquainted with his character, and readily acceded to his proposal. Accordingly, Richard went out regularly during the remaining part of the autumn, and the following winter and spring until the beginning of May, and every night returned at the proper hour to the jail. In this manner he performed a day's work every day, without any exception beside the Sabbath, through the whole period.

In the month of May he was to be tried for high treason. The sheriff accordingly made preparations to conduct him to Springfield, where his trial was to be held; but he told the sheriff it was not worth his while to take the trouble, for he could just as well go alone, and it would save both the expense and inconvenience of the sheriff's journey. The sheriff, after a little reflection, assented to his proposal, and Richard commenced his journey—the only one, it is believed, which was ever undertaken in the same manner, for the same object.

In the woods of Tyringham he was overtaken by the Hon. F. Edwards, from whom I had this story:

"Whither are you going?" said Mr. Edwards.

"To Springfield, sir," answered Richard, "to be tried for my life."

Accordingly, he proceeded directly to Springfield, surrendered himself to the sheriff of Hampshire, was tried, found guilty, and condemned to die.

The Council of Massachusetts was at this time the supreme executive of the state. Application was made to this board for a pardon. The facts were stated, the evidence on which they were supported, and the sentence grounded on them. The question was then put by the President: "Shall a pardon be granted to Richard Jackson?" The gentleman who first spoke, observed that the case was perfectly clear: the act alleged against Jackson was unquestionably high treason, and the proof was complete. If a pardon should be granted in this case, he saw no reason why it should not be granted in every other. In the same manner answered those who followed him. When it came to the turn of Mr. Edwards, he told this story, with those little circumstances of particularity which, though they are easily lost from the memory, and have escaped mine, give light and shade a living reality, and a picturesque impression to every tale, which is fitted to enforce conviction or to touch the heart. At the same time,

he recited it without enhancement, without expatiating, without any attempt to be pathetic. As is always the case, this simplicity gave the narration its full force. The Council began to hesitate. One of the members at length observed, "Certainly such a man as this ought not to be sent to the gallows." To this opinion the members unanimously assented. A pardon was immediately made out, and transmitted to Springfield, and Richard returned to his family.

Model Farming in Ireland and Scotland.

An important step has been made to promote agricultural education in Scotland. During the late agricultural meeting at Glasgow, a number of gentlemen, favorable to the establishment of elementary schools for the purpose, met in the Mechanics' Hall, when, besides gentlemen connected with the Agricultural Chemistry Association of Scotland, several strangers attended, including Lords Wallscourt, Clements, Ranelagh, Sir Robert Bateman, Sir R. Houston, and others. The Lord Justice Clerk took the chair, and Professor Johnstone explained the object of the meeting. Mr. Skilling, superintendent of a model farm at Glassnevin, near Dublin, under the Irish boards of Education, made a statement of the measures carried out by the board since 1838. There are now three thousand teachers under the board; there are seven training establishments to supply teachers, but there will shortly be twenty-five, and it is intended to plant one in every county of Ireland. Mr. Skilling described the plan pursued at the Glassnevin training school established in 1838. The class of labor is limited to spade-husbandry, only the spade and wheelbarrow being used.

"The scholars, amounting to sixty or seventy, were lodged near the farm, and fed from it. After being engaged on the farm in the mornings of five days in the week, they went into the town for their literary education; but the whole of Saturday was appropriated to examinations. They had a garden, and, in connection with it, a competent gardener, who lectured for a half hour in the morning; and he (Mr. Skilling) also lectured to the young men on agricultural subjects. At stated periods the teachers attended the farm, and witnessed every practical operation which was going on upon it. They observed every system of cropping, and got explanations on every subject with which they were acquainted; and the result was, that when they went away, at the end of the course, they were found to be vastly improved in the scientific knowledge of agriculture and its practical details. During the course, they were enabled to obtain a considerable knowledge of agriculture, chemistry, and geology; they also received practical information as to the principles of rotation in cropping, the cultivation of green crops, and the like. The practical errors which existed, as to the man-

agement of land, were also pointed out to them, such as the loss caused by bad fences, seeling beds by weeds, &c.; and, on the other hand, they were shown the advantages of draining, and opening, and turning the land, and the beneficial results of these on the general management."

This model farm had not only paid its rent, but returned a profit of £150 or £170 a year. Afterwards five boys, educated in a training school at Larne, in the north of Ireland, were introduced and examined.

"They seemed to belong to the better class of peasantry, being clad in homely garbs, and they appeared to be from twelve to fourteen or fifteen years of age. They were examined in the first instance by Mr. Gibson, inspector of schools, on grammar, geography, and arithmetic, and scarcely a single question did they fail to answer correctly. They were then examined by Professor Johnstone on the scientific branches, and by Mr. Finnie, of Swanton, and Mr. Alexander, of Southbar, on the practical departments of agriculture. Their acquaintance with these was delightful and astonishing. They detailed the chemical constitution of the soil, and the effect of manures, the land best fitted for green crops, the different kinds of grain crops, the dairy, and the system of rotation. Many of these subjects required considerable exercise of reflection; and, as a previous concert between themselves and the gentlemen by whom they were examined was out of the question, their acquirements seemed to take the meeting quite by surprise, at the same time that they afforded it the utmost satisfaction, as evincing how much could be done by a proper system of training. The youths and their teachers retired amidst much applause."

Lord Clements bore testimony relative to the eagerness for instruction evinced by the peasantry near his property, in the wildest part of Connaught—men twenty years of age coming from a distance of many miles to attend the school. Mr. Atlee, the teacher of an agricultural school on Lady Noel Byron's property, at Ealing, reported the success of that establishment. There were at that moment five hundred applicants for admission to the farm as boarders.

Principal McFarlan advocated education in agriculture; but exhorted the meeting to carry on their improvements in accordance with the feelings of the people, not shocking their habits by rash innovations. He moved a resolution, that elementary instruction should be afforded to the rural population of Scotland. This was seconded by Mr. Alexander, and carried unanimously.

Col. Lindsay, of Bolcarras, declared that the people of Scotland must make haste, lest they should be behind in the progress of improvement.

"He must congratulate these young men from Ireland on the admirable display they had made. To be a Scotsman was often found a recommendation in procuring em-

ployment elsewhere; but these young men from Ireland would soon show to Scotsmen that they were behind the Irish; and that, if they would maintain their high character for industry and intelligence, they must be instructed as they were. These lads from Ireland had evinced so much agricultural information, that, when ready for employment, they had only to ask, to obtain it. He was almost ashamed to admit his belief, that there was not a similar class of youths in Scotland who would answer the questions as these Irish lads had done."—*London Spectator*.

JERUSALEM AT SUNSET.

We generally resorted to the city as the sun declined. Solemn, sepulchral, is the character then impressed on the mind. Here is a city, still to the eye extensive and populous, but no voice arises from its wide area, and the hills and valleys around. The evening breeze rustles among its hoary trees, sweeping sadly the bleak, rocky surface of the ground. The red light glances over the city, touching its domes and minarets with a last dying gleam, and the dreary hills are broken into great masses of purple and vermillion, while the glen below, where sleep millions of the sons of Israel, and the sad groves which surrounded the agony of of Christ are sinking into the shades of night.

Such is the hour to view Jerusalem, alone, seated under some ancient tree, memorial of her past burden and guilt. Then looking eastward over the far horizon of Moab and the desert, glowing in the sun's last rays, completes the indelible impression of a scene that, for its association, is unequalled in the world. Our survey of Olivet would be incomplete without visiting Bethany—which is at its eastern extremity—the village to which Jesus so often retired to visit the hospitable family of Lazarus. The path continues from the crest of Olivet, and, as we lose sight of Jerusalem, presents us with a succession of pleasing landscapes. The approach is through the open corn-fields; the white roofs of the sequestered village are seen among groves of olives, which mark nearly the extremity of cultivation, before we reach the solitudes of the desert. There are, on the right, the remains of the building of the middle ages, and on the bleak hills beyond, the more extensive ruins of a castle or convent, overlooking the dead sea and the Moab Mountains. In the village is shown a tomb which tradition has selected as that of Lazarus. The pilgrim will linger about this pastoral spot, recalling the walks through the cornfields, where Jesus plucked the ears of corn by the way-side, or imagin-

ing the sister of Lazarus coming forth to meet, and conduct him to the tomb of his friend. Of all the walks about Jerusalem, this to Bethany, over the Mount of Olives, is the most picturesque in itself, and the most pleasing in its recollections.

Bartlett's Jerusalem.

A Christian Visit.—The pastor of the French Protestant Church, in St. Martin's-le-Grand, was visited on a short time, immediately after the morning service, by an individual of humble exterior, but whose countenance was expressive of inward peace and serenity. He dilated on the gratification he had experienced in participating in the worship of the church. He came from the valleys of Piedmont. He spoke of the persecution to which his brethren were subject, of the relentless hate which pursued them, even when performing works of benevolence. He requested a few copies of the hymns used in the church, to present to his small congregation at Turin. After paying for them, and just before leaving, as the minister was cordially shaking his hand, the stranger, in a humble tone, begged to leave a memento of his visit to the church, as an expression of Christian feeling, and handed £20 to the pastor, for the spread of the Gospel. The latter naturally asked his name. "Oh," replied he, "my name and the gift are distinct things; they have nothing to do with each other. Never mind the name."

The benevolence of England towards their brethren in the poor but interesting valleys of Piedmont, received, in the bountiful gift of this Christian stranger, a pleasing and remarkable return, and beautifully illustrates those words of Eternal Wisdom, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall be found after many days."—*London paper*.

LAKE SUPERIOR COPPER.—The valuable Lake Superior minerals will begin to yield their rich tribute the present season, and the prediction is ventured that ere long the copper of the world will be mainly supplied from the mineral regions washed by the Father of Lakes. We learn from Mr. Mendenhall, the enterprising pioneer in Lake Superior explorations, that permission has been obtained to transport 1000 tons of mineral to Boston for smelting, and that so rich is the ore that it commands \$200 per ton at the works in that city. Mr. M. is on his way to Copper Harbor, to continue explorations and surveys.

At present the Algonquir, taken from this port, and at great labor and expense

conveyed around the Sault St. Marie and launched upon Lake Superior several years ago by the Cleveland Company, of which Mr. M. was the master spirit, is now the only American vessel afloat on that lake. Additional shipping will be put upon the lake this season, the schooner Swallow having already left this port for Lake Superior. The small schooner Chippewa is also destined for that lake, and a fine craft is building at Detroit for the same destination. The report that the propeller Vandalia would be taken round the Sault, is incorrect.—*Cleveland Herald*.

Saturday Night.

How many associations, sweet and hallowed, crowd around that short term, "Saturday night!" It is the requisite prelude to more pure, more holy, more heavenly associations, which the tired frame and thankful soul hail with new and renewed joys at each successive return.

'Tis then that the din of busy life ceases—cares and anxieties are forgotten—and the worn-out soul seeks its needed repose, and the mind its relaxation from earth and its concerns—with joy looking to the coming day of rest, so wisely and beneficently set apart for man's peace and happiness by the great Creator.

The tired laborer seeks his own neat cottage, to which he had been a stranger, perhaps, the past week, where a lovely wife and smiling children meet him with smiles and caresses.

Here he realizes the bliss of hard-earned comforts; and, at the same time, perhaps, more than others, the happiness of domestic life and its attendant blessings.

Released from the distracting cares of the week, the professional man gladly beholds the return of "Saturday night," and as gladly sees, in the clustering vines nourished by his parental care, the realization of those joys which are only his to know at these peculiar seasons, and under these congenial circumstances, so faithfully and vividly evinced by this periodical home of enjoyment and repose.

The lone widow, too, who had toiled on, day after day, to support her little charge—how gratefully does she resign her cares at the return of "Saturday night," and thank her God for these kind resting-places in the way of life, by which she is encouraged from week to week to hold on her way!

But on whose ear does the sound of "Saturday night" strike more pleasantly than the devoted Christian's? Here he looks up amid the blessings showered upon him, and thanks God with humble reverence for their continuance.

His willing soul expands at the thought of waiting on God in the sanctuary on Sunday, and gladly forgets the narrow bounds of time and its concerns, save spiritual, that he may

feast on joys ever new—ever beautiful—ever glorious—ever sufficient to satiate the joy-fraught soul that rightly seeks its aid.

It leads him to the Lamb of God for protection, and rationally points out the way to joys on high, an endless Sabbath, a perpetual rest for the vigilant and faithful.

Southern Miscellany.

ANOTHER WONDER.—A sort of Thames Tunnel has been discovered under water near Marseilles. It is a submarine passage, passing from the ancient Abbey of St. Victorie, running under the arm of the sea, which is covered with ships, and coming out under a tower of Fort St. Nicholas. M. Joyland, of the Pontset-Chaussées, and M. Matayras, an architect, accompanied recently by some friends and a number of laborers, went to the abbey, were able to clear their way to the other end, and came out at Fort St. Nicholas, after working two hours and twenty minutes. This tunnel is deemed much finer than that of London, being formed of one single vault of sixty feet span, and one fourth longer.

BOOKBINDING—COMPLETED.

[For the earlier processes, see the American Penny Magazine, No. 11, p. 166 and No. 12, p. 180.]

Sprinkling is a singular process. A set of books, to be sprinkled of one color, are ranged side by side on a bench. A color is mixed up, of Umber, Venetian red, or any other cheap pigment, with water and paste, or size; into this the workman dips a large brush, and then strikes the handle or root of the brush against a stick held in the other hand, so as to cause a shower of spots to fall on the edges. Some books have the edges *marbled*, done in a manner similar to that observed in making *marbled paper*.

In gilding the edge is scraped, and then coated with a liquid of red chalk and water. The leaf-gold is blown out upon a cushion covered with leather, where it is placed out smooth with a knife, and cut up into two or more pieces, according to the size and thickness of the book whose edge is to be gilt. On the workbench is a cup containing some white of egg beaten up with water. It is laid, by a camel-hair pencil, on the damp surface. The gold is then laid on the book-edge. The workman holds in his two hands a long-handled burnisher, at the lower end of which is fixed a very smooth, straight-edged piece of hard stone; this he places on the gilt surface, and, with his left elbow resting on the work-bench, and the handle of the burnisher resting on his right shoulder, he rubs the gold with great



"Extra-Finisher" at work.

force at right angles to the direction of the leaves. No gold is rubbed off, but the whole is brought to a high degree of polish.

The covers of books are decorated in a greater variety of ways than the edges. Roan-bound schoolbooks are sometimes "marbled" outside; a process which bears some resemblance to the sprinkling of the edges. A liquid composition of copperas, potash, water, and any common coloring substance, such as umber, is made. The books are opened, and hung over two bars; the liquid color is then dashed on.

The cotton cloth with which so large a number of new books is now covered, has an ornamental character given to it in three different ways. Printing it with figures is done by a separate establishment, with the aid of cylinder machines, having the various patterns engraved on the rollers. Every kind of stamping or embossing in leather or cloth is more effectually performed when aided by heat, and it is to afford this heat that gas-jets are employed.

Embossing.—The device is engraved on a flat thick plate of steel or gun-metal, which is stamped down upon the leather or cloth. These are of immense power; indeed, one of them exerts a pressure of no less than *fifty tons*.

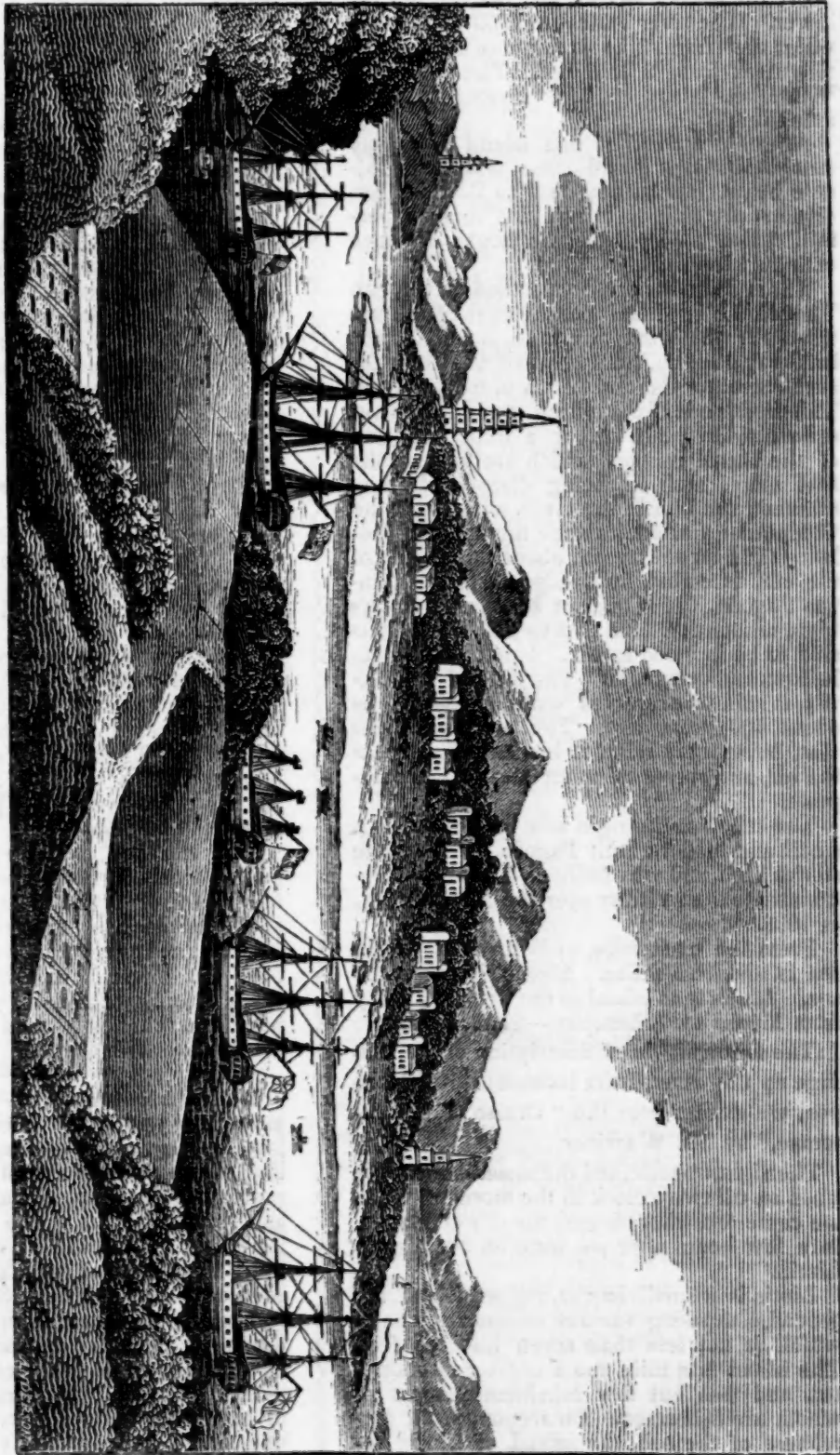
The name of *blocking* is given to the

operation whereby the depressed device is given. This is either effected by a number of punches and other small tools used by hand, or by means of a small blocking-press. In the "extra-finishing" shop, a name given to the shop where the higher class of books receive their ornamental devices, are several tripods or standing frames, which act as gas-stoves. A jet of gas is so placed as to heat a central compartment, into or against which the tools are placed, whether for lettering or ornamenting, whereby the blocking, or rather "tooling," is effected. Sometimes the depressed device is not coated with gold, in which case it is called "blind-tooling;" in others, gold is laid on the book, and then stamped down with the heated tool. When the device is to be a gilt one, the leather is first coated with size, then two or three times with white of egg, and lastly slightly touched with a piece of oiled cotton at the time the gold is laid on. The gold is laid on in slips of greater or lesser size. The loose or superfluous gold is then wiped off with a rag—which rag, we may remark, becomes an article of no small value in the course of time.

All that we have here said of ornamental devices applies equally to the lettering of a book. Where, however, it may be done conveniently, the punches or small devices, instead of being fixed in handles and used singly, are fixed, by means of glue and cloth, to a metallic plate, and thus impressed on the book at one blow by a press. Where a fillet, or line, or running sprig forms a part of the ornament on the back, sides, or edge of a book, it is frequently done by a wheel or "roll" in the manner here represented. The edge or periphery of the wheel has the device in relief, and this, being wheeled along carefully over the surface of the book, leaves a corresponding depression.

Such are the principal modes by which a book is decorated. We have been able merely to give a type or general representation of each, and must necessarily pass over minuter shades of operation. The costly bindings in velvet and silk, the gold and silver clasps of expensive bibles, and all the niceties which the connoisseur in bookbinding regards with such an admiring eye, we must pass over in silence.

It remains only for us to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. E. Walker, of this city, who has furnished us with the cuts and facts in this brief sketch.



SHIP ANCHORAGE AT WHAMPOA.

This engraving gives a correct view of the Island of Whampo, lying in the Pearl River, about 12 miles east from Canton, in China. At this place the foreign vessels all anchor, and their loading is taken out by boats and carried to Canton, and their return cargo brought down. Here the Bethel flag is displayed, (as is seen in the cut,) and the meetings for seamen held on shipboard. At the bottom of the cut is represented a

part of Dane's Island, which is a small rocky hill, where sailors are buried who die at this port. The price for burial ground here is sixteen dollars, and ten more for permission to erect a grave-stone.

West from Dane's Island, at the left-hand corner of the cut, is represented a part of French Island, on which are the tombs of many foreigners, residents, and Captains. The price of land here is very high.

Whampoa Island is long and narrow. The anchorage extends two or three miles in length; the American vessels generally occupying the higher berths, and the English the lower. The river varies from 50 to 100 rods wide, and from 3 to 6 fathoms deep. The tide rises from 3 to 6 feet. The village on Whampoa Island contains several thousand inhabitants.

At the West end of this island is a petty custom-house, or guard-house, where all Chinese boats, having anything to do with foreigners, are obliged to stop and obtain a permit, called a *chop*, and the house is hence called a *chophouse*.

Three Pagodas are represented on the cut. That on the left-hand near the edge of the cut, the top of which only is visible, is called "the half-way Pagoda," it being half way from the anchorage to Canton. It is much decayed. This is the one from which some American sailors, a few years ago, in a frolic, took one of the small images which are kept in the first story, and on being discovered, they drowned the idol in the river, which cost the Comprador and others some hundreds of dollars. The large Pagoda, about the middle of the cut, is called, by foreigners, the Whampoa Pagoda. It is built of brick, nine stories high, amounting from 200 to 250 feet. It is said to be in good repair. It is uninhabited, hollow, and octagonal. The date of its erection is said to be preserved within it, and to be about 400 years ago. The natives believe that, being very lofty, it has an influence on the air, and serves to avert storms and tempests.

The other on the right side of the cut, is a small and modern built Pagoda, two or three stories high, and was built, as is said, to commemorate their victory over the British navy, in 1808.

From the anchorage, at Whampoa, to the sea is about 75 miles. Macao lies near the sea. Lintin is an island in the river, half-way from Macao to Whampoa.—*Sailor's Mag.*

The following brief description of the passage up the river, from its mouth to Whampoa, we extract from the "Cruise of the Potomac," by Mr. Warriner.

The night was fair, and the moon shone. We stood on till two o'clock in the morning, when we came to anchor abreast the city of Macao. In a few hours after we were on our way to Lintin.

Lintin is a small, barren, rugged island, the ground composing various eminences, one of which is not less than seven hundred feet. The island is a mile and a quarter in diameter, and has but few inhabitants, most of whom are fishermen. On account of the barrenness of the soil, the island of Lintin remained entirely uninhabited till the year 1814, when the East India Company's ships were detained there, in consequence of a dispute between the select committee, and the Chinese government. At that time a temporary

market for vegetables and fowls was opened, which attracted a considerable population to the spot. Subsequently, the introduction of opium into Macao and Canton having been prohibited, this place became the principal depot of that article. The article now forms so large a branch of illicit commerce, that it is smuggled into the kingdom, by this and other ports, to the amount of a million of dollars a month. Seven or eight vessels are stationed at the island in prosecution of this trade. [This is changed since the war.—Ed.]

Some distance above Lintin, we passed an island called Lankeet, which means the Dragon's Den. A tongue of land runs out into the river on the opposite side, which bears the name of Chuen-pee, or the Bored Nose, from a singular rock which forms its most striking feature, perforated through. I observed a watchtower on one of these points; and in Anson's Bay, which is near it, several men-of-war junks lying at anchor, and many other vessels of inferior size.

Tiger island, which lies still higher up the river, has its name from the resemblance of its figure to that of a tiger in a reclining posture. On it is a battery of considerable size, and on the opposite bank another battery, called Anung Hoy, or the Lady's Shoe. Both these batteries are of granite, and one of them extends from the shore, up an inclined plane. The walls could have afforded no protection against cannon shot, and to all appearance a broadside could not have failed to do great execution. The fort now contains from thirty to forty twelve pounders; and, what seems ridiculous, the portlids are painted with figures of tigers and demons.

The entrance to the river Tigris, called Bocca Tigris, a Portuguese name signifying the Mouth of Tigris, is between Anung Hoy and Tiger island. The scenery here is more inviting, and we passed several plantations of bamboos, bananas, and rice. After passing the first and second bars, we reached Whampoa, the anchoring ground for all foreign vessels trading with Canton.

A Hunting Adventure.—Amongst the company who joined the hounds on Wednesday last, in the vicinity of Keswick, was a little boy of the name of Williamson, whose parents reside at Applethwaite-under-Skiddaw, and so wrapped up in the chase had the little fellow been that he continued his pursuit until night-fall, at which time he was last seen near the summit of Skiddaw, apparently bending his course homewards, but in this direction, it would appear, he had not long continued. Night came on, and the non-appearance of the tiny sportsman at the home of his father naturally created the greatest uneasiness, and especially as the night was wild and stormy. In the morning, however, the only hope of the little fellow's safety vanished, on the distracted parents learning that their son had not taken up his night's lodging with any of the parties who had

joined in the chase, and that he was last seen a little before dark near the top of Skiddaw. The whole population of the neighborhood instantly volunteered their services to aid in the search for the remains of the lost boy, as his outliving the storm of such a night and in such a situation was regarded as next to impossible. Accordingly, on Thursday forenoon scores of persons were seen upon the breast of the gigantic Skiddaw wending their way in all directions, and prying into every ravine, creek, and corner into which it was thought probable the lost youth might have fallen, or sought shelter from the inclemency of the weather. Search was long and fruitless, but at length one of the party chanced to reach the shooting box of General Wyndham, situate in the centre of Skiddaw forest, where to his utter amazement, the object of his search was just quitting his bed of straw; and as soon as the journey over the snow-covered mountain could be accomplished, the lost youth was restored to his sorrowing parents, whose grief for the supposed melancholy bereavement of a favorite son was instantly converted to joy. The account the little wanderer gives of his night's adventure on Skiddaw is brief. He says that when on the very summit of the mountain, the two lakes, Derwent and Bassenthwaite, appeared to him no larger than two small tarns, which, added to the whole face of the country being covered with snow, so deceived him that he imagined he was looking to the eastward instead of down into the vale of Crosthwaite, and under this impression turned round and bent his steps in the opposite direction. After wandering for some time until completely exhausted, he espied the uninhabited shooting box of General Wyndham, towards which he repaired, and having gained admission into an out-house where a quantity of straw had been deposited, he instantly crept amongst it, and worn out with the fatigue of the day's chase and his bewildered wanderings amongst the snow he presently fell asleep, and enjoyed several hours of uninterrupted repose.—*Cumberland Pacquet.*

The First American Frigate at Constantinople.

From the Travels of Edward Daniel Clark, LL.D.

The arrival of an American frigate, for the first time (1801), at Constantinople, caused considerable sensation, not only among the Turks, but also throughout the whole diplomatic corps stationed in Pera. This ship, commanded by Capt. Bainbridge, came from Algiers, with a letter and presents from the Dey to the Sultan and Capudan Pacha. The presents consisted of tigers and other animals, sent with a view to conciliate the Turkish Government, whom the Dey had offended. When she came to an anchor, and a message went to the Porte that an American frigate was in the harbor, the Turks were altogether unable to comprehend where the country was

situated whose flag they were to salute. A great deal of time was therefore lost in settling this important point, and in considering how to receive the stranger.

In the mean time, we went on board to visit the captain, and were sitting with him in his cabin, when a messenger came from the Turkish Government, to ask whether America were not otherwise called the New World; and, being answered in the affirmative, he assured the captain that he was welcome, and would be treated with the utmost cordiality and respect. The messengers from the Dey were then ordered on board the Capudan Pacha's ship; who, receiving the letter from their sovereign, with great rage first spat and then stamped upon it, telling them to go back to their master, and inform him that he would be served in the same manner whenever the Turkish admiral met him. Capt. Bainbridge was, however, received with every mark of attention, and rewarded with magnificent presents.

The fine order of his ship and the healthy state of her crew became topics of general conversation in Pera, and the different ministers strove who should first receive him in their palaces. We accompanied him in his long-boat to the Black Sea, as he was desirous of hoisting there, for the first time, the American flag; and, upon his return, we were amused by a very singular entertainment at his table, during dinner. Upon the four corners were as many decanters, containing fresh water from the four quarters of the globe. The natives of Europe, Asia, Africa and America sat down together at the same table, and were regaled with flesh, fruit, bread, and other viands—while of every article a sample from each quarter of the globe was presented at the same time. The means of accomplishing this are easily explained, by his having touched at Algiers, in his passage from America, and being at anchor so near the shores both of Europe and Asia.

FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

Italian Extracts.

Remarks on the History of Italian Poetry.

NOTIZIE SULLA POESIA ITALIANA.

Di Giovanni Andres.

Qualunque sia stata la provincia onde trasse la sua origine l'Italiana poesia, per quanto deboli e fiacchi vogliano dirsi i primi suoi passi, ella si vide certamente nella Toscana al principio del secolo decimo quarto calcare con fermo piede le scoscese cime del Pindo. Dante e il Petrarca si fanno anche oggidì venerare non tanto come i padri, quanto come i veri maestri della poesia; e il Petrarca singolarmente condusse tant'oltre la dolcezza e soavità della lingua, l'armonia, e la tornitura del verso, che nessuno in tanta serie di secoli l'ha potuto finora sorpassare: l'esempio di questi due grand' uomini rimase infruttuoso per molti anni. Non solo nello stesso secolo

decimoquarto, ma neppur nel seguente non si levarono eccellenti poeti, che ardissero gareggiare con quelli; anzi di tutto il secolo decimo quinto si contrano appena il Conti ed il Poliziano, che possono meritare la lettura de' posterì.

Ma sortì poi nel decimosesto una copiosa vena d'acque Castalie, che servì a fecondare tutti i campi dell' Italiana poesia. Allora la lirica ebbe un sì numeroso e nobile seguito d'illustri poeti, che appena fra l' immensa folla distinguere si potevano i Bembi, i Molza, i Casa, i Costanzi, i Cari, ed altri sì rinomati Campioni dell' Italiano Parnasso. Allora la drammatica lasciando le volgari farse, e i puerili trattenimenti, fece i suoi sforzi per richiamare sul teatro Italiano il coturno ed il socco greco, ed introdurvi il buon gusto. Allora la didascalica incontro i più fedeli imitatori del gran Virgilio. Allora la burlesca e maligna satira, allora la buccolica e pastorale, allora tutti i generi di poesia furono con molto ardore coltivati, e noi vedremo quanti vantaggi abbia ciascuno ricevuti dagli studj degli Italiani. L' epica singolarmente venne per la lor opera a sì alto grado di dignità, che nessuna altra nazione ha mai potuto uguagliarla; ed un Ariosto ed un Tasso non si trovano registrati negli annali poetici d'alcun popolo fuor dell' Italia. Ma appunto dopo questo innalzamento cominciò a decadere; e le Muse Italiane, capaci di destare invidia col loro canto alla greca ad alla romana, cambiarono stile, e in bocca al Marini, all' Achillini, ed al Preti, invece della naturale armonia, e della spontanea soavità fecero sentire l' effeminatezza e l' affettazione, e i meretricj lezzi succedettero alla matronale maestà. Per buona sorte del gusto Italiano quel male non ebbe lunga durata; e lo stesso secolo, che l' introdusse con tanto applauso, lo vide sbandire con vitupero. Alla fine del passato secolo si cominciò già a muover guerra al corrotto gusto, e a ristabilire il sano nell' Italiana poesia, che per tanto tempo gli aveva fatta lieta accoglienza. Ma al principio di questo secolo uomini di maggior peso applicarono le rispettabili loro mani alla conclusione gloriosa di questa nobile impresa. Così la poesia Italiana grande si può dire dallo stesso suo nascere: ha poi sofferte varie vicende; ma ha saputo conservar sempre il suo buon nome, e si è fatta rispettare da tutte le altre nazioni.

All' Italia.

Di V. Filicaja.

Italia, Italia, o tu a cui feo la sorte
 Dono infelice di bellezza, ond' hai
 Funesta dote d' infiniti guai,
 Che in fronte scritti per gran doglia porte:
 Deh fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte,
 Onde assai più ti paventasse, o assai
 T' amasse men chi del tuo bello ai rai
 Par che si strugga, e pur ti sfida a morte!
 Che giù dall' Alpi non vedrei torrenti
 Scender d' armati, nè di sangue tinta
 Bever l' onda del Pò Gallici armenti:

Nè te vedrei, del non tuo ferro cinta,
 Pagnar col braccio di straniera genti
 Per servir sempre o vincitrice o vinta.

La Bellezza in Libertà.

Di de Rossi.

Gemeva la Bellezza

D' Amor fra le catene avvinta e oppressa;
 Il Tempo le si appressa,
 E colla falce le divide e spezza;
 A lei che esulta allor lieta e felice,
 Di nuovo, Amor si accosta;
 Le presenta uno specchio, e poi le dice
 Guarda la libertà quanto ti costa.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

MINERALS. No. 5.

Hornblend is not so common a stone as the three first described, in the three last numbers of this Magazine. It is also not so remarkable in its appearance, and therefore may be more difficult for a stranger to discover, and to become acquainted with.

It is dark-colored, commonly black or greenish, in small plates, shining feebly, like imperfect crystals, as they are. It may be mistaken for black isinglass; but if you pick it with a pin, though it is easily scratched, it will not split, and it is not elastic. Sometimes it is found in lumps, and is then very heavy and tough.

Hornblend is not put to any use, but forms part of a kind of rock now much used in building in some parts of our country. This is

Sienite, a rock composed of feldspar and hornblend. It is sometimes called granite, or Quincy granite, but incorrectly. The New York Exchange and many other buildings here and in some of our other cities, are made of it.

Remarks on some of the principal rocks.

—It is remarkable that, in all countries, certain rocks are found deep down in the earth, with no other kinds below them, and that these are made of quartz, feldspar and mica, or of feldspar and Hornblend. The same kinds of rocks are also found on the tops and in the hearts of the highest mountains on the globe. There they have the appearance of having been raised up from below by almighty power. Many of the metals

and precious stones are found in those rocks, so that it is important to be acquainted with them.

The primitive, or original rocks, are generally known by having shining particles, being crystalline in their structure. They never have petrifications of any kind in them. There are several kinds of primitive rocks yet to be mentioned. They are now generally believed to have been once melted by some great heat.

No. 6.—*Gypsum or Plaster of Paris.*—Whoever does not know this useful and curious stone, should get a specimen as soon as he can, and lay it by, and look at it often, until he becomes familiar with it. So he should do with others, as I have said before.

It is commonly nearly white, and sometimes quite so. It varies in shades to brown, and is sometimes yellowish, reddish, and the most beautiful specimens are pink. Often a light-colored piece has dark crystals in it. It was such a stone which first turned my attention to mineralogy, on the science of stones, as I have mentioned in the 8th number of this Magazine, page 125.

Gypsum is soft. You can commonly scratch it with your finger nail. It crystallizes in flat, transparent plates, like glass, and is often mistaken for isinglass, but will not split so thin, and is not elastic. In northern Syria and some other countries it is used to make windows. Fibrous gypsum looks as if it were made of threads stuck together. It sometimes breaks in flakes, like a boiled fish.

Internal Qualities.—We learn from Chemistry that Gypsum is made of lime and a very strong acid, which when pure, looks like oil, and will take the skin off from your hand in a moment. Pure lime will do the same. But, when both are united, they make this stone, which is perfectly harmless. This acid is oil of vitriol, or sulphuric acid, being made of sulphur and a kind of air or gas, called oxygen, which is found in most acids. Gypsum is called sulphate of lime, by chemists, according to a plan they have for naming things. Of this I may tell you more hereafter. But beside these two things,

gypsum contains a great deal of water. "Water?" you will say, perhaps, "why don't we see it then?" Because as it is kept solid in ice by cold, it is in gypsum without cold. Do you want to know why? That you understand as well as I or any body else. We cannot find out why, any more than what makes grass green.

Uses.—Gypsum is chiefly used to fertilize land. A few bushels, ground fine and spread on an acre, will often make things grow a great deal better. It was for a long time brought to our country from Nova Scotia; but now we get great quantities in several of our states. It is used also to make images and ornaments, to cover our house walls, to make moulds in stereotyping, &c. Any body can copy coins with it, or a cut-glass dish, or the shape of an apple. Grind the plaster to powder and heat it in a kettle. It will boil like water, because the water in it is turned by the heat to vapor. When it stops boiling, cool it. Mix it with water like paste and put it into or on what you wish to copy. In about a quarter or half an hour it will be turned to stone, and will easily come off, if the thing is so shaped as to let it. In this way statues are often copied, and cast made of men's faces. The man lies on a table, shuts his eyes, has two pipes or rolls of paper stuck into his nostrils, and then wet plaster is laid on his face till it hardens. More plaster is then cast into this mould.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Portland Vase.—It will be gratifying to the lovers of the antique, and to the patrons of modern ingenuity to know, that the attempt to restore the Portland Vase as mentioned in our last English files, and undertaken by Mr. Doubleday of London, is announced as being quite successful. A number of the London Sun received by the Great Western, states that the vase was shortly to be submitted to public inspection very little blemished by the effects of an injury which at first seemed to be irreparable. Sir Henry Ellis and other antiquarians have expressed their approbation of the neatness with which the work has been completed, and of the ingenuity of the artists employed. Edward Lloyd, the author of the mischief, left London, it is said, immediately on his discharge, and returned to Dublin, and it is understood to be the intention of the Duke of Portland to insti-

tute proceedings against him for the damage done to his property.—*Selected.*

A True Gentleman.—A true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man. His virtue is his business, his study his recreation, contentedness his rest, and happiness his reward; God is his father, and the church is his mother, the saints his brethren; all that need him his friends, and heaven his inheritance. Religion is his mistress, Loyalty and Justice his two Maids of honor; Devotion is his chaplain, Chastity his chamberlain, Sobriety his butler, Temperance his cook, Hospitality his housekeeper, Providence his steward, Charity his treasurer, Piety his companion, and Discretion his porter, to let in and out, as is most fit. Thus is his whole family made of virtues, and he is the true master of the family. He is necessitated to take the world in his way to heaven, but he walks through it as fast as he can, but all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him in all in two words, he is a *Man* and a *Christian*.—*Selected.*

Receipts.

From "*Every Lady's Book*," a little volume just published by a *Lady of New York*.

To Make Wheat Bread.—To one quart of warm water put a gill of good yeast, stir in flour to make a thin batter, and let it stand in a warm place all night.

Next morning put seven pounds of flour in a wooden bowl or tray; heap it around the sides, leaving a hollow in the centre; add to the sponge or yeast batter, a bit of volatile salts the size of a small nutmeg, dissolved in hot water, and a piece of alum as large as a hickory-nut, finely powdered; stir it with a spoon until it is a light foam; then pour it into the hollow of flour; add to it a heaping tablespoonful of salt, and a quart or more of warm water; with this, work all the flour into a dough; dip your hands in flour frequently, to keep the dough from sticking to them; work the dough well; when it is a smooth mass, divide it into two or three loaves, and put it into buttered basins; stick the top of each with a fork; let them stand for one hour; then bake.

The rule for bread-baking is a hot oven, and one hour; if the loaves are large, they may require longer baking. If this receipt is strictly followed, there can be no failure.

One teaspoonful of saleratus may be used in place of the volatile salts and alum, but the bread is not as white or sweet. When the volatile salts are used, more than a quart of water will be necessary.

French Rolls.—Work one pound of butter into a pound of flour; put to it one beaten egg, two teaspoonsful of yeast, one teaspoonful of salt, and as much warm milk as will make a soft dough; strew flour over; cover it with a cloth, and set it in a warm place for

an hour or more, until light; flour your hands well; make it in small rolls; bake in a quick oven.

English and Continental Railways.—Great Britain counts at present 1,984 miles of railway at work, and nearly 1,240 in course of construction. Germany possesses 1,320 miles, decreed and in progress. Belgium has finished 152 miles of railway, and is now making 86 more. Taken in reference to the population of each country, the lengths of railway, finished or in progress, gives—In England, 11,78 miles to 100 inhabitants; in Belgium, 10-74 miles to 100 inhabitants; in Germany, 9-64 miles to 100 inhabitants; in France, 9-50 miles to every 100 inhabitants. France, therefore, holds the last rank, and of all the great nations of the continent makes, individually, the least exertion in favor of railways.—*Selected.*

Iron Mines in Missouri.—The qualities of the iron ore which composes the vast mountain to the westward of St. Louis, Missouri, has at last been fairly tested. The Governor of Missouri has received from Monsieur Alexander Vattermare, of Paris, an acknowledgement of the receipt of specimens of that ore, which were submitted to the Royal Institute of mines, and on a proper analysis, it has been discovered to be superior to the best Swedish iron, which for a long time has been considered the best in Europe.—*St. Louis New Era.*

A few days ago at Noras, in the commune of Olivet (Loiret), a considerable portion of the surface of the earth sunk suddenly, and in its place a lake, 60 yards in circumference, and 20 yards in depth was formed. This phenomenon is presumed to have been caused by the falling in of some old quarries, and that the water comes from the Loiret, which had found some subterranean channel, and, perhaps, by its constant working, had undermined the ground. It is very fortunate that no one was lost on the occasion, as a much frequented path between Olivet and Ardon passed over the very spot.—*Selected.*

ROUTE TO CHINA.—The Missouri Reporter says:—"In a letter written by Mr. Jefferson, soon after the purchase of Louisiana, that distinguished statesman pointed out the practicability of a route to China over the western prairies and the Pacific. This grand idea, based on the remarkable forecast of that wonderful man, has been revamped repeatedly since by other persons, and palmed off as original with themselves. That such a route will be established, at some day not far distant, recent events authorize us to believe most sincerely."

A REMEDY FOR RUNSELLING.—The following plan is proposed in a Southern paper as a remedy for runselling:

"Let it be enacted that the expense of supporting all paupers who are made through the sale of intoxicating liquors, shall be equally assessed upon the dealers in such liquors; let every man who takes out a licence, be required to give ample security for the payment of his share of the tax; and let the public authorities see that the destitute wives, widows and children of drunkards be well supported. This would put an end to nine tenths of the groggeries, and the fewer the sellers become, the heavier the tax upon them."

ORNAMENTAL SLATE.—Valencia Island, in the county of Kerry, (Ireland,) supplies materials from her splendid slate quarries to the new Houses of Parliament. This beautiful slate, whose veining is so much admired, is worked into elegant drawing-room tables, mantel-pieces, and various other articles. These recently discovered quarries, in the working of which a capital of 20,000*l.* has been invested, (thus affording employment for hundreds,) present one among a thousand evidences that the resources of this country only require to be developed. The Knight of Kerry has brought over an enterprising English capitalist to raise this slate from the beds where it lay concealed for ages.

Limerick Reporter.

AN OLD STEAMER.—The Wilmington (N. C.) Chronicle says:

"Probably the oldest Steamboat in the country, if not in the world, now in service, is the Henrietta, plying on the Cape Fear river, between Wilmington and Fayetteville. The Henrietta was built at Fayetteville, in 1818, and is of course now in her 27th year. She has been in active operation throughout the whole time, when the river was not too low for her to run. She has never met with an accident, either from steam or snag—is in sound condition, having been thoroughly repaired at various times, and bids fair to do good service for many years yet."

The widow of the late Hon. R. Otway Cave found among her deceased husband's private records, an imperfect memorandum of his desire to convey £20,000 to Sir De Lacy Evans, as a testimony of personal regard. With an affectionate respect for her late partner, this high-minded lady promptly acted upon the minute, and transmitted the whole of the above sum to the gallant officer.

Limerick Chronicle.

HUMILITY.—The celebrated John Wesley, being rather superciliously asked by a nobleman, "What do you mean, sir, by the humility of which you preach so much?"—laconically replied, replied, "True humility, my lord, is but *thinking the truth of yourself.*"

LARGE FOOTPRINTS.—Mr. Dexter Marsh, of this town, while exploring for fossil remains near South Hadley Falls, a short time since, found several large bird tracks embedded in the solid rock, two or three of which he succeeded in splitting off from the ledge. The tracks were about four feet apart, and half a yard in length, and one which we have examined will hold two quarts of water. The bird which made these tracks must have been larger than the largest of our domestic animals.—*Greenfield (Mass.) Gazette.*

The steamboat Julia Choteau arrived at St. Louis on the 4th instant, with fourteen tons of deer skins, a part of sixty tons purchased in Arkansas. These skins weigh about three pound average—so that forty thousand deer were killed to supply the sixty tons.

A gentleman in the British navy has invented a cloak, which is capable of being filled with air, and used as a boat. An experiment was lately made with one of these at Plymouth, England, in which the party paddled off some miles from the ship, holding an umbrella over his head, and on landing, he put his boat on his back, and walked off with it.

DEATH OF ONE OF WAYNE'S OLD SOLDIERS.—Capt. John Osborne, one of Wayne's soldiers, died at Pittsburg on the 24th March, and was appropriately buried, on the afternoon of the 25th, with the honors of war.

BOOKS IN MEXICO.—An influential planter who employs some 300 hands, and has formerly introduced among them and his friends the Bible, has lately procured for distribution 30,000 pages of the publications of the American Tract Society.

He is more than great, who instructs his offender while he forgives him.

The iron steamer built for the U. S. Revenue Service, by Jabez Coney, at South Boston, was launched April 19th.

ONEOTA, No. 6.—The sixth of Mr. Schoolcraft's valuable pamphlets on the Red Race of America has just appeared, and is soon to be followed by two more, which will probably complete this series. We again assure our readers that this work contains a large amount of authentic, important, and instructive matter, on the character, habits, &c. of our Indians; and that it is indispensable to every reader who would form a correct judgment on many points inexplicable on the principles of civilized life and opinions.

This and all the previous numbers may be had at this office; and we invite the patronage of the public to so valuable a work. The price is 25 cents each number.

POETRY.

*From the Louisville Journal.***Evening.**

'Tis eve—how beautiful the scene!
 Nature in loveliest robe arrayed!
 How mildly pale the blue serene!
 How darkly deep the forest shade!
 Her golden lamp hath night hung out
 On the fair bosom of the sky,
 And spread her glittering gems about
 The rich empyreal canopy!
 Fairer than kingly coronal,
 Brighter than diamond of the mine,
 And purer than the ocean pearl,
 They beam with radiance divine!

'Tis eve!—and deepest silence reigns
 Around the haunts of vanity,
 But nature wakes her slumbering strains,
 And nature's voice is sweetest now;
 From every glade—from every grove
 The songsters of the day are flown,
 But Philomel, in notes of love,
 Untiring chants her song alone!
 And more entrancing far to me
 That sweet but melancholy strain,
 Than notes of proudest minstrelsy,
 Which strive to rival her in vain.

'Tis eve!—and over earth and sky
 Such beautiful repose is cast,
 So charmed—so holy—that we sigh
 Its fading glory may not last;
 This is the hour for fancy's dreams—
 Visions of well-remembered bliss!
 O were not youth's illusive scenes
 As bright, as beautiful as this?
 But eve shall fade in darker night,
 And deeper gloom involve the sky,
 E'en so young hope's enchanting light
 Beamed o'er our prospects but to die!

See how the silver moonbeams sleep
 Upon the breast of yonder lake!
 While up the black and rugged steep
 The light in fuller radiance breaks!
 Where is the morning splendor flown,
 That danced upon the crystal stream?
 Where are the joys to childhood known
 When life was an enchanted dream?
 O these are wrapped in gloomy night,
 Or vanished in the viewless air,
 And cold and cheerless is the light
 Of evening borrowed from afar!

VIOLA.

My Mother.*By L. J. M. Montague.*

Whose was that eye, whose loving beam
 First fell upon my infant face?
 Whose light comes back in many a dream
 Of days that time can ne'er efface?
 It was thine own—I know no other
 Could match thy loving eye—my mother!

Whose was that tender voice that spoke
 Sweet words of gracious love to me?

That round my pillow nightly broke
 The silence with soft minstrelsy?
 It was thine own—I know no other
 Could match thy tender voice—my mother!

Whose was the hand that wiped the tear
 From off my cheek, around me still
 In pain and sorrow, hovering near,
 Some soothing office to fulfil?
 It was thine own—I know no other
 Could match thy gentle hand—my mother!

But now those loving eyes are closed,
 That tender voice has lost its tone,
 Those gentle hands have long relapsed
 In dust! and I in sadness own
 Though I have many a friend, no other
 Can be the friend thou wert—MY MOTHER!

Flowers and Friends.

The sweetest flowers, alas! how soon
 With all their hues of brightness, wither;
 The loveliest just bud and bloom,
 And drooping, fade away forever!

Yet if, as each sweet rose-bud dies,
 Its leaves are gathered, they will shed
 A perfume that shall still arise,
 Though all its beauteous tints are fled.

And thus, while kindred bosoms heave,
 And hearts, at meeting, fondly swell,
 How soon, alas! those hearts must breathe
 The parting sigh—the sad farewell!

Yet from such moments, as from flowers,
 Shall friendship, with delight, distil
 A fragrance that shall hold past hours
 Embalmed in memory's odor still.

THE PENNY POST—*Gift of the London Merchants to Rowland Hill.*—The city of London Mercantile Committee on Postage, have presented Mr. Rowland Hill with a cheque for £10,000, with an intimation that they reserve, till some future opportunity, the pleasure of making a more public presentation of the fruits of their labors on his behalf.

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